Hel Sir, tis the gouernour of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauen blesse my girle,
But harke what Musicke tell, *Helicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat,
How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

Hell. My Lord I heare none,

Per. None the Musicke for the *Spheres*, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare.

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Most heauenly Musicke.
It nips me vnto listing, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust beliefe, Ile well remember you:

Diana

Dia. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice, There when my maiden priests are met together before the people all, reueale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses with thy daughters call, & giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my siluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian* Goddesse *Argentine*
I will obey thee *Hellicanus*. *Hel.* Sir.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike,
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, shal we refresh vs sir vpon your shore, and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir,

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore, I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue mee,
For such kindnesse must relieue mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What minstrelsie, what prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as their wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust commaund,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my Country did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a Maid child called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse wears yet thy siluer liuerey, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yrares he sought to murther, but her better stars

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